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NEWS SUMMARY.

THE SOUTH.

Mrs. Ellen Smith, of South Carolina, recovered judgment for \$1,500 against the Port Royal railroad company for killing her husband.

Louisiana pays \$3,000 to have its laws published in French and in German.

The negro Wells, who murdered O'Brien, in Burke county, Ga., was taken from jail at night and hung by an armed body of unknown men.

An Atlanta, Georgia, little negro was tied up in a sack and set in a tub of cold water for two days. It was then hung up in the kitchen chimney a day, but still lives.

Fort Worth (Texas) Standard: Georgia paid last year \$3,500,000 for material to fertilize her lands, and the average product of her cotton per acre was less than 250 per cent. How much real money did she make?

Rome (Ga.) Courier: It is generally believed now that there will be no grasshoppers in this section this spring. It is all a mistake about the fruit being killed. On the contrary, the prospects for a good crop are promising.

Three or four years ago a gentleman of Sumter county, Ga., began sheep raising with seventeen ewes. His flock now numbers over 300, yet it has not required the outlay of one dollar in money. Shall such an argument pass unheeded.

Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer: Dr. Felton says that in a very few days he expects to get the appropriation of \$10,000 for cleaning out Etowah, and \$30,000 for the Coosa. He thinks that work will be commenced on these rivers within thirty days. He has the assurance of President Hayes in this matter.

The following bill has been introduced in the senate of Virginia: Be it enacted by the General Assembly, That if any person speak, utter or publish any slanderous or defamatory words, with intent to injure or defame the character of another, the person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor.

A novel license law for taverns is proposed in Virginia. Instead of rating the license at so much, or classifying the taverns according to sales, the system proposed by a bill pending in the Virginia legislature is a direct tax upon the "drinks." There is to be levied upon every drink of wine or spirits two and a half cents, and upon every drink of malt liquor a half cent. The bar keepers are required to register the drinks by using "bell-punches," and the proposed law abounds in precautions for protecting the revenue, and penalties for "beating the punch."

New Orleans Picayune: Some strange rumors are afloat as to the disposition of the military appropriations on the Texas frontier. A gentleman lately from Brownsville informs us that during the investment of Matamoros by Cortinas it was notorious that the forces of the Mexican chief were supplied directly from Fort Brown, which was commanded by Gen. Devens. The federal soldiers at the fort are said to have been badly fed and provided for, while large consignments of provisions were frequently sent over the river to the Mexicans. We give the narrative as it is reported to us.

THE EAST.

The proposition to amend the constitution of Rhode Island, so as to allow women to vote when taxed, has been defeated by a vote of ninety to twenty-five.

Owing to the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Massachusetts excluding colored men from membership, dissatisfied members are moving to establish a new lodge.

A dispatch from Troy, N. Y., reports that the National bank, of Cleveland, closed last week. Two-thirds of its capital, \$150,000, is tied up.

Alfred Pickard, of New York, in a fit of jealousy, bound his wife to the chair in which she was sleeping, and then cruelly disfigured her face by the free application of vitriol.

No more suits against Wm. M. Tweed will be brought to trial. Tweed is to be released from custody in a few days. The suit against Sweeney is to be arranged, and a settlement for Connolly is expected. The city of New York, it is thought, will receive, in settlement with the members of the ring, not more than \$1,000,000.

THE WEST.

Omaha dispatches report grasshoppers quite active, the warm weather causing the eggs to hatch out very rapidly.

R. T. Taylor the defaulting cashier of the Franklin bank, of Indianapolis, who was taken to the insane asylum, escaped from that institution by forcing the iron fastenings of one of the upper windows. It is supposed he had aid from the outside.

A Chico, California dispatch says in all twelve arrests have been made, five for the murder of Chinamen and the others for complicity in the various incendiaries committed in the vicinity during the last four months.

The government has informed the Reichstag that \$5,000,000 of the balance in hand of the French indemnity, representing the share of the former Prussian German confederation, will be distributed among the states which belong to the confederation. A further sum of \$3,026,000 may be expected from the same fund.

It is reported that the last Austrian military budget included an item for the fortification of Trent, which the parliament disallowed. A short time ago the emperor informed the finance minister that the work must be immediately undertaken, for reasons of state. During the last two months Trent has consequently been surrounded by six forts, and several others have been built near the frontier.

Plus IX, the grandest of all the popes of the Catholic church, is determined to die in harness. In defiance of old age and disease he still labors to secure a revival of the temporal power, which he lost when Italy was happily united under Victor Emmanuel. The good old man dreams, "The scepter has departed from Judah." The spiritual power he wields ought to satisfy his ambi-

tion. It is greater than the temporal power of all the monarchs put together.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg, controverts the views of the English press relative to the protocol. It says the protocol presupposes the conclusion of peace with Montenegro and the demobilization of the Turkish forces. The conviction still prevails in St. Petersburg that, if the powers unanimously hold decided language, they will obtain the acceptance of their demands by the Porte, and the peace of Europe will be maintained. One thing is inadmissible, viz., that Europe should compromise herself a second time by a failure to achieve a result.

FOREIGN.

Another outbreak of rinderpest has occurred at Hall, England.

Midhat Pasha has left for Spain and Switzerland.

Walter Baghat, political writer, is dead.

It is reported from Lyons that the distress among the working classes is disappearing.

Eighty-four members of the Turkish parliament have arrived at Constantinople. It is said, of whom forty-five are Moslems.

Synd Noor, Mahomed prime minister of Anoor, Cabul and Special Envoy to the India government, is dead.

The painting of the Virgin and Child, by Jan Vaneyck of Groux, has been stolen from the Berlin national gallery.

A London dispatch, giving a short review of the British corn trade, says the season has been more favorable than last year at this time.

It is reported from Athens that the Cretans persist in the refusal to send a deputy to the parliament at Constantinople, because they possess special privileges.

The salary of the German ambassador in England has been raised by his government from 120,000 marks per annum to 150,000 marks, or, in round numbers, \$15,000 in gold.

The assembly of Nova Scotia has passed a resolution that delegates be appointed to confer with delegates from New Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island on the union of the two provinces.

News from Mexico indicates the probability of a new revolution. There is talk of recalling Lerdo. The congress is without a quorum. Some army officers want to proclaim Diaz military dictator.

Chitty, the umpire of the University boat race, at the dinner of the crews on Saturday, stated that he had an opportunity of questioning the judge on the result of the race, and was satisfied from the latter's replies that both boats had actually passed the post simultaneously.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The new secretary of the navy having been informed that there were huys belonging to his department in New York harbor, immediately issued an order commanding them to report to their ships without delay. "Discipline is discipline," says the old salt, "I have to skin every boy in the navy."—Hawkeye.

Agriculture in Russia.

The board of trade annual collection of agricultural returns gives, in the volume for the year 1876, some official returns obtained from Russia for the first time. They relate only to Russia in Europe, and to the crops of 1872. The area under wheat is returned as 28,743,390 acres, but the produce of this large acreage is estimated at no more than 157,938,000 bushels, which show an average yield of only five and one-half bushels per acre, or about a fifth of the average yield in Great Britain. The area under barley or here is stated as 15,511,600 acres and the estimated yield as 124,753,750 bushels, or eight bushels per acre; under oats, area 32,818,890 acres, and yield 513,622,750 bushels, or 15.6 bushels per acre; under rye, area 66,398,540 acres, and yield 546,832,000 bushels, or 8.2 bushels per acre; buckwheat, area 11,392,660 acres, and yield 87,556,500 bushels, or 7.6 bushels per acre. The area under potatoes is stated as 13,169,010 acres, and the yield 370,867,000 bushels, or 117 bushels per acre. Under beet-root for sugar, 333,450 acres in 1871, and the yield 10,545,137 cwt. Under tobacco, 98,800 acres in 1871, and the yield 80,091,148 lbs. Under flax, 2,247,700 acres in 1872, producing 17,292,000 bushels seed, and 4,837,219 cwt. fiber. Under hemp, 812,530 acres, average yield 14,110,000 bushels seed, and 924,888 cwt. fiber. There are also 143,511,940 acres described as grass. The population of Russia in Europe is stated at 71,730,980 souls. The area, exclusive of lakes, is put at 1,244,367,351 English statute acres, the woods and forests occupying 527,426,510 acres.—London Times.

A Paper-Making Spider.

Spiders have been noted so long as spinners of the finest of silk, that it strikes one a little oddly to think of one as a paper-maker. But hear this true story that has just been told to me: In the heart of the African continent, where no other paper is manufactured, the spider paper-maker does her quiet work. Back and forth, over a flat surface about an inch and a half square, on the inside of a hut, the square is carefully made, and begins a web, which is to last for three weeks without intermission. Apparently the young spiders would have many dangers to fear, did not their anxious mamma wage a free war upon the cockroaches and other insects that come near. After three weeks of unremitting watchfulness, the mother-spider leaves her nest in the day-time to hunt food, but she always returns at night, until her young are strong enough to take care of themselves.—Jack-in-the-Pulpit, St. Nicholas.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

A mighty realm is the land of dreams, With slopes that hang in the twilight sky, And where the ocean and trailing clouds, That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

But over its shadowy border flow Sweet rays from the world of endless morn, And the nearer mountains catch the glow, And flowers in the meadow beds are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair From their bowers of light to that border land, And walk in the fainter glow, And flowers in the meadow beds are born.

One calm, sweet smile, in that shadowy sphere From eyes that open on each no more— One warning word from a voice once dear, How they live in the memory's o'er and o'er.

Far off from those hills that shine with day And fields that bloom in the heavenly zales, The land of dreams goes stretching away To dreamy mountains and darker vales.

Those life the chambers of guilty delight, There walk the specters of guilty fear, And soft, low voices that float through the night Are whispering ruin in the hapless ear.

Ivory maid, in thy girlish opening flowers, Scarce weaned from the love of childish play, The tears on your cheek are but the showers That freeze the river in the hapless ear.

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow Faint thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams, And I, poor fool, by moving lips, that now Thy spirit lives in the memory's o'er and o'er.

Light-hearted maiden, oh heed thy feet, Oh keep where that seat of paradise lies, And only wander where thou mayst meet The blessed ones in their shining robes.

So shall thou come from the land of dreams With love and peace in this world of strife, And the light which over the border streams Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

—William Cullen Bryant.

TERRIBLY DECIDED.

"Oh! Sara, you are too absurd." And pretty Grace Ashleigh laughs her pleasant laugh. "The idea of loving two men at once, and not knowing which to choose! I don't believe you at all." "Believe or not, Grace, just as you please," is the soft serious voice answer.

Those wonderful, deep hazel eyes of Sara Prescott's turn all their subdued richness of color toward her friend whilst she speaks, and every feature of her beautiful face wears an impress of earnest meaning.

"It is true, Grace," she whispers, "true, true, true." There are moments when I feel confident that Ralph Curtis, with his dark, southern-looking beauty, and his impulsive, reckless ways, is by far dearer to me. But a visit from blonde-haired, blue-eyed Walter Crosbie changes everything. I am just tossed about in spirit from one to the other.

Each seems to touch, with me, a separate chord of congeniality. I don't know how it will end. Here I have been both been lingering along at the hotel, Grace, paying me daily visits since the first of last July.

"Perhaps," suggested Grace, after a little silence while they walked along the twilight paths of the great lawn which compasses the luxurious summer-house where Sara Prescott lives—"Perhaps you will end by hating them both, Sara?" "I cannot tell. And yet that seems impossible."

"Very well," answered Grace; "I must ask you to have my carriage ordered around now, Sara, notwithstanding I should like to remain and help to counsel you in your troubles; but please remember that I have seven miles to drive, and that mamma makes a perfect racket of herself if I stay out after dark."

So Grace presently takes her departure, and Sara is left to hold converse with her own thoughts, while she begins, and this time a wholly solitary stroll among the stately shrubbed lawns.

Very gloomy and miserable those thoughts are. She recalls, with a sense of shrinking fear, how intense a passion for her has recently grown to possess both Ralph Curtis and Walter Crosbie—how each has become almost aggressive, of late, in his fierce request for how she would choose between them.

No, she cannot make up her mind. Allow that she is mentally a monstrosity of womanhood; allow that nobody has ever been precisely in her unsettled condition; the fact exists all the same, that she loves two men at once, and has no power to choose between them.

Suppose they should have some deadly quarrel on her account. Nothing is more possible. They have grown to hate each other; of that fact Sara feels quite sure. They are living at the same hotel, and are now constantly thrown together. Sara shudders now when she remembers what evidences she has had of fierce a temper each possesses. Oh, why cannot she be like other women? Why must she suffer so keenly from what seems nothing but her own gross stupidity and silly irresolution.

Just at this stage of Sara's thoughts, the sound of a footstep directly behind her meets the young girl's ear. She turns, and in the vague dark, sees Walter Crosbie's tall, commanding figure, and fair, Saxon face. He begins speaking with brusque suddenness: "Sara—Miss Prescott—I have come to bid you good-by."

She clasps both hands together in an abrupt burst of surprise.

"You cannot possibly mean it?" "I do. I am tired of being played fast and loose with, from day to day."

"You are not going," she answers, calmly, after a little silence, and whilst they were walking on. "I know by your tones and your manner that it is only a ruse. You are not going until I give you a final answer."

"And for God's sake," Walter blurts forth, "when is that final answer coming?" There are times, Sara Prescott, when I feel like believing that no more heartless coquette than yourself ever drew breath, and that you are no more for me than you are for Ralph Curtis."

"Pardon me, I think that I heard my name mentioned."

None other than Ralph Curtis himself who spoke those words.

The vague half-lights has now yielded to the brightening glimmer of a full, superb moon, whose silver globe hangs midway between horizon and zenith, beautifully pendant in the still, breezeless sky.

Ralph Curtis, having just emerged from behind a dark barrier of tall, heavy shrubbery round which the road winds, stands facing Walter Crosbie and Sara, his black eyes and olive brown countenance fully visible to them both. Under his dark moustache there plays a bitter cynical smile.

Sara utters a little scream of dismay. "How unexpected," she falters; and then there is a silence among the trio, which lasts until Walter Crosbie hastily breaks it.

"Very unexpected," he exclaims; "and yet, after all, scarcely unexpected. I for one am glad it has happened. It gives me, at least, the opportunity of asking you in Mr. Curtis's presence, Miss Sara, how much longer you desire this absurd masquerade shall continue? With whom—to make a sort of epigram out of the situation? (while he laughs a low, discordant laugh)—do you wish to walk home with, Mr. Curtis or myself?"

And then Ralph Curtis speaks promptly: "I echo Mr. Crosbie's question."

Whereupon poor weak Sara bursts into tears.

"Please go away," she murmurs brokenly. "I can walk home just as well alone by myself."

Silence.

This time it is a silence that Ralph Curtis ends.

"That is no answer, Miss Sara," "Right," states Walter Crosbie, with stern emphasis. "It is no answer."

"I—I can't help it," laments Sara. "Please go—both of you."

Suddenly a fierce flash shoots from the night-like eyes of Ralph.

"Let there be some decision," he cries, addressing Walter. "If Miss Prescott will not make it herself, it is for us to do so."

"I don't understand," replies Walter. Ralph draws near him.

"I beg your pardon," he commences, speaking to Sara; and then there follows between the two men an inaudible whispered conference, which she, who witnessed it, watches and wonders at.

The conference continues for nearly five minutes; and at last Ralph Curtis turns towards Sara.

"Miss Prescott, Mr. Crosbie and I have formed a compact together. Do you see where yonder road emerges from these clumps of shrubbery?"

"Yes," answered the puzzled girl, in right puzzled tones.

"Very well. We desire you to wait here. We will disappear. When you next see either of us it will be as he advances toward you, doubtless at full speed along the race course. One will in all probability win the race which we propose to run, but if it proves a neck-and-neck race, then—then—"

"Then," Walter Crosbie here breaks in, "you must walk home alone. Do you quite understand, Miss Sara? Think, for a moment, and I feel sure that further explanation will be useless."

"I—I have thought," quivers Sara, "and—and—I think—I am sure, indeed, that I understand."

"Very well," exclaimed Walter. "Do you consent to such an arrangement, strange and wild as it seems? Reflect for a moment before replying."

Sara covers her face, impulsively with both hands, and remains in this attitude for a while. Then she covers her face again with an equal impulsiveness, and cries out, in tones almost fierce from intense excitement:

"I have reflected, and consent."

Sara is standing quite alone now, in the clear, perfect moonlight. Around her gleam the shadowy lawns, broken by their great dark masses of foliage. Her eyes are fixed intently upon that fragment of opposite rock which its skirting shrubbery allows her to see.

She is listening—listening with strained anxiety and with every nerve on the quiver of expectancy.

Presently there was a sound, at what seemed a considerable distance, of rapid, advancing feet. Sara's eyes fairly dilated, and her head stretches itself forward in the wild eagerness of her feelings.

The steps come nearer, nearer—heavy decisive thuds of vigorous feet against hard unyielding gravel.

And now, without a moment's warning, the steps cease. Then there is a man's wild, fierce cry, after that, what seems a second silence; and then the crackling, unmistakable sound of a pistol.

Just for a brief space Sara stands as though frozen into stone. Then she rushes down the road, turns the corner made—so to speak—by the great shrubbery clusters, and darts on, on, with fleetest speed. A long, quivering, terrified moan leaves her lips, as she pauses at last by a dark, outstretched form.

"Walter—Walter Crosbie! for God's sake what has happened?"

No answer.

And then she sees the ghastly upturned face, and the long, gory stream that oozes from his temple!

Not two yards distant there is another prone form. Sara staggers toward it.

Ralph Curtis' swarthy face gleams livid and ghastly in the pale moonlight.

"His fault," he gasps—"all his fault! He stabbed me as I was passing him. Then I fired—not till then. God help you—poor Sara—poor Sara!"

These are the last words he ever spoke. And so the race has been run; and so death has won it.

Laying for Him.

It having come to the ears of the United States officials at this point that Big English, a boot-black, had a handful of lead nickels in his possession, the boy was yesterday interviewed on the subject.

"Yes, I've got nineteen lead nickels in my trousers pocket," was his prompt reply.

"And what are you doing with them?"

"Holding right to 'em. You needn't think you've got a case again me, for you haven't."

"How did you get those bad pieces?"

"Rich man, who shall be nameless—black boots every morning—hands me out a lead nickel—thinks he's got soft thing on me, but I'm layin' for him!"

"How?"

"Why he's got a daughter 'bout my age. I'll be thinking of marryin' in two or three years more, and I'll shoulder a bag of his nickels, walk into the parlor, and gently say: 'Mister man, I love thy fair daughter, and I demand her hand in marriage. Behold the proofs of your vile perfidy, and come up to the neck or go to the jug!' You just keep still and let him shower out his bogus coins. I ain't hand-some, but I'm a terror to plan!"—Detroit Free Press.

THE MAN AT THE THROTTLE.

A Confidential Talk with a Locomotive Engineer—No Law Against Incompetent or Drunken Engine Drivers.

Have you ever thought you entered a railroad carbox absolutely and completely by your life in the hands of one man? Has it ever occurred to you as you reclined in a soft-cushioned seat in apparent security, with hundreds of others on the train, how every one of you might be sent to an instant death by the slightest blunder or neglect on the part of one weak human being? And did you ever find yourself wondering if the man at the throttle understood his duties and was able to do them promptly and properly, appreciating the enormous responsibilities resting upon fallible human nature, and knowing what awful consequences might result from a single mistake on his part?

Your correspondent confessed that since the recent railroad engineers' strikes these dangers have occurred to him, and the readers of the Herald would understand the reason could they have heard the other day a brief conversation in the cab of a locomotive, which an unusually intelligent and trustworthy member of the guild of engineers recounted a little of the true inwardness of his calling.

WHERE INCOMPETENCE IS BLISS.

"It is as well," said he, smiling thoughtfully, "that the traveling public don't know how the majority of railroad men are managed and what risks the passengers often run. Why, to save a little money they often fail to employ more than one-half the number of engineers absolutely needed for safety. Many a time have I come in from a long trip so tired and sleepy as to be scarcely able to stand, and been ordered immediately out again without an hour's rest. I have been worked twenty-four hours at a stretch when I have been so worn out that no power on earth could keep me awake, and standing with my hand on the lever, have gone sound asleep. If you had fired off a cannon at my ears I could not have helped it. I have many a time brought my engine into some town at thirty miles an hour while asleep, until the fireman or somebody would wake me up."

"Dangerous? Well, rather so; for if there is any post in the world where a man should be excessively wide awake, vigilant, incessantly watching ahead of him with an unflinching steadiness, and with good eyes, too, with his hand alight on the lever, prepared to check the flying speed with which he is flying along, it is when he is in the cab of a locomotive engine. I don't know any work that requires a man to know what he is about and to see what he is about so much as running the engine of an express train."

The engineer not only must watch his engine and keep her up to her work, but he must watch the steam gauge, watch the fuel, watch the signals, watch the track, watch the crossings and watch his surroundings. To sum up in one word, an engineer must be alertness personified. Dangerous? You might as well ask it would be dangerous for a man to fall asleep sitting on a keg of powder with a lighted slowmatch attached to it.

BILL-DOING THE ENGINEERS.

"It is a common thing for an engineer, after having come in from a long trip, to be ordered out again immediately, although he knows and the company knows that he is not fit for further work without a rest, and that to fall asleep at his post is to endanger the lives of hundreds of persons. Yet he dare not refuse such circumstances an accident occurs, isn't the company relieved from all responsibility in the eyes of the newspaper and the public if they show that the engineer failed to see a signal? Who is to know that the reason that the engineer failed to see the signal or the switch was because he fell asleep from overwork, and that he was compelled to run while physically unable to do so in safety?"

A STARTLING STATEMENT.

"This is the cause of a good many railroad accidents, but I can tell you of a still more frequent one. It is the employment of certain railroad managers of half-braided botches as engineers, or men who are not of sober habits and do not get into the brotherhood of engineers (or trade society), and who will, therefore, work very cheaply."

"Why is this permitted?"

"I will tell you. In every state in the union, so far as I know, there is a law compelling the engineer who attend to stationary boilers to pass an examination, at which they must show themselves qualified, and receive a license before they are permitted to work. You would be liable to severe punishment if you employed an unlicensed engineer to run the boiler of your printing office. This law is, of course, an eminently proper one, and in New York city, for instance, there is a bureau of police department whose exclusive duties are to see its enforcement. A similar United States statute compels the engineers of marine or steamboat engines to pass a still stricter examination. But no such law is on the statute books of any state in the union as regards locomotive engineers, whose duties are even more delicate and dangerous than their brethren who run factory or other stationary engines. Whenever any bill requiring the railroad companies to employ only competent men has been likely to pass a legislature, the railroad lobbyists have defeated it. You will find no statute in this country to prevent the railroads from putting in charge of the train you intrust your life to the veriest boot or drunkard that can be found. If the newspapers want to do a good work, let them demand and secure the passage of such a law as will oblige the companies to employ at least this simple requisite to safety."

"Do not the best managed roads now find it pays best to employ good, competent men?"

"Some of the companies are beginning to find it out, but the majority of them taken all the men they can pick up, who will work cheaper than a skillful and experienced man, and the Boston and Maine railroad company, during the late strike, employed men who were either too ignorant of their trade or too much given to drink to belong to the trade society, and actually allowed these men to take out their first trains at night."

Now, over one hundred trains a day pass over that road, and no conscientious man, however skillful, would take his engine over it at night, unless he were thoroughly acquainted with every foot of the track."

THE IDIOSYNCRASY OF A LOCOMOTIVE.

"Is not traveling at night always more dangerous than by daylight?"

"Not always. Under some circumstances I suppose it might be. But I would rather take my engine over the road at night. I have run a night express for years, prefer it to anything else. An engine always works better at night, for some reason. They say it is so with all machinery. I know it is always so with a locomotive. An engineer who is familiar with his road knows just as well where he is at night as when he can see. I can tell by the sound of the wheels on the track about where I am on the road. I can see a danger signal further off at night than in daylight. I tell you, sir, there is always danger in our business, and there ought to be a law forbidding the companies employing any man to run an engine who has not passed an examination and received a license. The newspapers can make 'em, and they ought to do it."—N. Y. Herald.

A Novel Idea in House Decoration and Protection from Fire.

Last evening, about four o'clock, the eyes of hundreds of persons on the streets were directed toward the top of the spire of the new Catholic church, where was seen a fountain spouting numerous jets high in the air.

A large iron pipe is carried up through the steeple and up the large cross mounting the same. The pipe then takes the form of the cross, behind which is hidden, and from holes perforated at proper intervals the jets are sent up. From the top of the cross and from the end of each arm large streams ascend to the height of about twenty-five feet, and between these are thrown up a great number of smaller jets.

The height of the top of the cross from the ground is one hundred and seventy feet, and last evening the air being calm, the numerous jets spread out in shape of a fan. The rays of the descending sun fell upon the jets and spray at just the proper angle to light up and bring out the whole in a beautiful roseate glow, which surrounded the top of the cross like a glory.

This novel fountain was not constructed for use in case of breaking out of a large fire as a protection to the spire and roof of the church. It is but the work of a moment to turn on the water and drench the spire. The height to which the water is thrown above the cross shows the great force of the waterworks of the city.

It has been suggested that other large buildings in the town might be cheaply protected from fire by having large perforated pipes laid along the apex of their roofs, as by simply turning a cock on the ground floor, a perfect sheet of water might be poured down both sides of a roof.—Virginia (N. Y.) Enterprise.

Horrible Crime Committed by a Priest.

On the 22nd ult, a horrible crime was committed in Capin by a clergyman. This man, heretofore of good repute and the head of a boys' school, had a canary bird which he was very fond, whose cage hung in one of the rooms where the pupils usually assemble. One day when in the absence of the clergyman the boys were tumbling about in the room, one of them happened to knock the cage over, when the little door being opened by the fall the bird escaped and flew away. The clergyman returning, as usual looked around for his yellow singer, and when he observed that it had flown the criminal was pointed out to him in the person of a twelve year old son of a butcher. Perfect